SOME OF OUR CRITICS

William Black, the Novelist, Talks About Amateur Reviewers Who

GIVE GOOD ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

Unknown Correspondents Who Write to Successful Authors.

AN AUNT WHO SOUGHT HER NEPHEW

[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

There is almost a pathetic touch in the in genuous fashion in which the reader of a book, when he has finished the last page, will forthwith draw in his chair to the table and proceed to write to the author, though the latter may be quite unknown to him. He seems to think that someone has been talking to him, and that in common courtesy he must answer. Sometimes it is merely a friendly "Thank you; good bye; hope we may meet again;" occasionally he feels called upon to enter into artless confidences and will prattle cheerfully, several sheets, about himself and his views of life; not unfrequently he will warn you, more in sorrow than in anger, of the perils he sees in store for you. It is, however, when he thinks he has detected some small blunder that he suddenly changes his tone; and then he becomes scornful or sareastic or indignant, according to the mood of the moment "How would you like," writes An Outraged American, "if one of our authors on this sid were to mangle one of your best known Scotch songs, and speak of 'Wha'll be King but Edward?' How, sir, would you like that? And yet in your last book you talk of 'Carry Me Back to Tennessee.' Why, any child in an American nursery knows that the proper title is 'Carry Me Back to Old Kentucky.'" Whereupon the author, if he be meek and humble, as authors ought to be, will write back: "Dear Sir-You surely ought to be aware that 'Ellie Rhee, or Carry Me Back to Tennessee,' is one of the mos try:" while, on the other hand, if he is proud and haughty, as some authors undoubtedly and unfortunately are, will thrust the letter into the w paper basket, and the outraged American will bear him a grudge to his dying day. Indeed, correspondents should pause and reflect before rashly assuming that they have caught an author tripping. The bet-ting is all in favor of his being right and their being wrong. In like manner with a picture: when a critic thinks he sees something amiss in a landscape, the chances are that it is he who is mistaken and not the artist—for the simple reason that the artist is a trained observer, who has been all his life teaching himself to keep his eyes open. For my own part, I nowadays find it safer to accept, without question or demur, anything I meet with in a book.

THE AUTHOR KNEW BEST.

Once upon a time, in a novel by my friend Mr. Pavn, I came upon a striking passage in which the heroine was described as being buffeted about by a terrible gale insomuch that her raven-black hair streamed out to windward. With the light heart of an amateur reviewer I wrote to Mr. Payn and drew his attention to the fact that, as a general rule, anything blown by a gale would stream out not to windward, but to leeward. But the answer came sharp and prompt; the description was perfectly cor-rect; the heroine (said the author of her being) had been taking a great deal of iron tonic, her hair had become electrically charged, and had floated out tohad become ward the north, irrespective of the wind-currents of the storm. So I object no more. When I find at the conclusion of a tragic tale that the hero fells the heroine senseless, carries her into a rowing-boat, shoves out to sen, and withdraws the plug-so that presently there is not a trace of either the boat waters, I have nothing to say. Ordinarily one would expect such a boat to fill, capsize and then float bottom upward; but boats in novels do strange things, and so (astronomers tell me) do moons.

The communications addressed to an

author by unknown correspondents are not always so disinterested as those I have mentioned; they have not always his guidance or instruction as their sole and simple aim. It is easy, for example, to discern why the

following letter was written:

SIR-I am so great an admirer of your works
that I wish, out of gratitude, to present you
with a character which would prove an excollent subject for your brilliant and caustic
pen. I am sure you could make the whole
country roar with laughter over the airs and
affectations of the person I mean. Imagine a
woman of 50-a spinster—just mad about young
men, and making herself so ridiculous you
never saw the like, grimning and simpering in mer, and making herself so ridiculous you never saw the like, grinning and simpering in the most disgusting way, and you wouldn't think butter would melt in her mouth—unless you had the cruel misfortune to live in the same house with her—and see her temper when there were no young men about Just a cat she is—sly, suspicious, vindictive, penurious to the last farthing, and breaking into rages all for nothing, except to crush and wound the feelings of those unhappily dependent on her nothing, except to crush and wound the feelings of those unhappily dependent on her. Dear sir, I should be delighted to send you all particulars—for a book might be written about her meanness and jealousy; and I think a clever artist might be got to make a picture of her, with her false plait not the same color, and her two false teeth. Oh, you should see her putting on her airs and graces when she can get a good-looking young man to sit and talk to her; and then, the minute he is gone, the dust she raises with her wicked tengue and masty temper! I am sure you would make the whole country laurh: and I should make the whole country laurh: tongue and ansity temper! I am sure you would make the whole country laugh; and I should like to see the look on her face when the book came from the library—as I should take care it did. If you will undertake it, I will furnish you with all information; and I am certain that it will add to your great fame, which is the sole reason why I write to you. I am, sir, your devoted admirer, ———, P. S.—The old cat would grudge you a cup of tea if you were lying so your deathbed.

THE AMATEUR CRITIC.

When again the unknown correspondent condescends to criticism it is to be observed that he invariably assumes that the author has written but one kind of book, and tha the one before him. In the days when I used to read reviews, I noticed that this was a familiar trick of the professional critic; and a very handy trick, too, for it enables him to ticket off the characteristics of an author in a mere sentence or two. Indeed, there was an article in a London morning paper a few years ago in which the writer laboriously and ponderously tried to prove that the great defect of cotemporary fiction was the limited and monotonous way in which each novelist dealt with only one small section of human life or human interest;* and of course each author, no matter how diversified his work might have been, had to be labelled off with one characteristic, until the writer in question came to Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Oliphant, with her brilliantly versatile genius and unceasing novelty of achievement, was altogether too much for him. The leadenheaded dullard had been lumbering along for a time, but when he came to Mrs. Oliphant he had to double back, hesitate. apologize, and finally shuffle off. However, the unknown correspondent rarely deals with groups of writers; it is his own particular author whom he has to encourage, or with whom he has to gravely remonstrate, and, as I say, he invariably assumes that the book before him sums up all its writer's

the book before him sums up all its writer's previous work, and future possibilities of work. Accordingly, this is the letter that comes on a Monday (let us say):

DRAR SIR—It has often occurred to me that I should write and tell you how much and how sincerely I enjoy your books, and yet how strangely disappointed they leave me in the end. Everything is there that can be desired of literary charm and style; the accessories are perfect, the atmosphere delightful: but where, one is forced to ask, are the human beings, where the serious interests of life, where the elemental passions of mankind? From the window at which left I look abroad over a noble and stately river and up to the heights on which was decided the crucial battle of our

"As contrasted with the novelists of the last "As contrasted with the novelists of the last generation. Of course it was the same sort of poor creature who, in the last generation, told Thackeray he could neither understand nor draw a geutiemau, and bade Dickens take away his "tawdry wares." war (it was at that time I laid aside my own aword), and when I think of the tremendons issues then at stake, and when I think of the tremendons issues then at stake, and when I think of the innumerable tragedies that were involved, and the suffering that was so herolcally borne, in order that we should secure freedom and unity for our native land, I wonder (in coming to your books) that a writer who professes to depict modern existence should describe it as composed of banjoplaying and firstation. Is that what you see around you in the world, sirs—nothing but yachting and grouse shooting, and deer stalking, love making, dinners, balls, theaters, and the idle diversions of the leaders of fashion. The modern novelist seems to me to be little else than a court jester, a clown with cap and bells, content to fiddle and caper so long as society bondescends to be amused!

And then on the Tuesday (let us say)

And then on the Tuesday (let us say) comes another letter-this time in a woman's bandwriting:

handwriting:

Why—why are your books so invariably mournful and sad? Why should griefs be torn open that time had partially healed, and our hearts be lacerated by cruel memories? Is there not enough tragedy, and sorrow, and misery in the world, that when we go for consolation and peace and rest to a favorite author, we should find not these—not these, but something far different? Can the world be so somber as you depict it?—nay, from the moral point of view, have you any right to describe so much unmerited suffering as existing? And then, again, surely literature should be a joyous thing. It ought to be one of the pleasures of life, not something to be dreaded and feared. Have you never heard children laugh, sir—never seen them at play? Have you never looked at a field of buttercups—or at sunshine after rain? However, I need say no more—except this, that your writings have reawakened in me an anguish and pain that I had familed were laid to rest; and that now, along with the memory of my own real sorrows and trials. I must bear with me the now, along with the memory of my own real sorrows and trials. I must bear with me the memory of the tragic fate of—and of—for which you alone are responsible.

SOME CORRESPONDENCE

The two letters do not seem to tally; but an author soon gets accustomed to such things, and also to the occasional little peans of laudation—which are perhaps more welcome, for human nature is frail. to the author as he appears to the imagination of the ingenuous reader! The book be

fore him has been a companion in hours of ease; the writer seems to have been in no

particular hurry; why should he not be con-

sulted?

DEAR SIR.—I purpose taking my family to Europe this fall, and I should be extremely obliged if you could inform me what the cost would be of hiring a four-inhand coach to be driven from London to Aberdeen, and also if you would sketch out for me the most desirable route, giving the number of stoppages, time, etc., etc.

DEAR SIR,—You seem to think the hammer-

DEAR SIR.—You seem to think the hammerless gun a great improvement; may I ask you
to state your reasons for thinking so?

DEAR SIR.—I am driven to appeal to you in a
very grave and serious emergency. My nice's
husband—a young man of singular ability and
promise—has suddenly deserted her, leaving no
explanation behind him except a note saying
that he had been summoned away by a secret
society which he had unfortunately joined, and
that he had to bid her good-by for ever. His
heartbroken wife has thought of you as the
only one likely to have any intimate knowledge
of those dreadful societies; and would you inform her how she should set about making inquiries? Could you give her letters of introduction (in strict confidence), or names, to
guide her in her search? Please, dear sir, give
this your most earnest attention, for it is a matter of life and death; and I will call on you on
Thursday afternoon to hear what you have to
say.

Then (turning to another kind of correspondent) you may have described in certain of your writings some neighborhood with which you have a long and intimate sc-quaintance; and forthwith the impenitent ourist-generally an American-takes your book as a guide book, and rushes breathle y through that particular district, expecing to have the most rare and beautiful effects in nature turned on for his delecta-tion at 2 and at 7, as if they were luncheon and dinner; and, of course, these things, not having been ordered beforehand do not appear, whereupon the outraged and indiguant cheap-tripper sits down on his haunches and howls.

But the most persistent correspondent whom the writer of books has to face is the

autograph-hunting fiend, whose ways are dark and devious beyond description. The dodges to which he will resort in order to ac-complish his diabolical purpose are as the sand on the seashore for multitude; and it is to be feared that many an honest letter is flung into the waste-paper basket on the mere hasty and exasperated suspicion that it hails from an autograph hunter. The most deadly stratagem in this direction I ever heard of was the invention of a friend of mine, who now confesses to it as one of the sins of his youth. He wrote a letter each of the persons whose autograph he and asking permission to be allowed to name his next vessel after the particular name his next vessel after the particular celebrity he was addressing. It was a fatal trap. Nearly everyone fell into it. Even poor old Carlyle had no suspicion, and, in replying to the bogus ship owner, expressed the hope that the vessel to be named after him might sail into a annual because the best selected. happier haven than he had ever reached. I remember when I was in America receiving a very pretty and charming letter from two sisters living in one of the Southern States They described their beautiful home on the banks of the - river; they were, they in-formed me, living there quite alone, having neither friends nor relatives to occupy their time withal; and it had occurred to them that, as I was certain to form a per-fectly false idea of American hospitality so long as I remained in the cold and callous North, would I not come down for a week or two to this sylvan retreat on the river, that they might show me what a real Southern welcome was like? It was a most innocent and idyllic invitation (to which, unfortunately, I was unable to respond), and I was describing it a long time afterward to Mr. Bret Harte, when he inter-rupted me. "Wait a bit," said he. "Didn't the letter go on something like this?" Alas! it was too true. He knew the rest. The idyllic invitation had been but an autographhunting lure sent in similar terms to him

and to me, and doubtless to a hundred others. So perishes the romance of life! DISCOVERING RELATIVES.

Nevertheless of all correspondents the most to be dreaded is he who, recognizing, or thinking that he recognizes, certain scenes or characters in a book, instantly jumps to the conclusion that the author must be a relative of his, and forthwith proceeds to claim him as such. In my own with so many unexpected sisters, cousins and aunts, that I can imagine what must happen in the case of an author far more prominently before the public. However, t cannot frequently occur that a writer at cannot frequently occur that a writer should have a whole clan thrust upon him as his relations; and this little story being interesting as showing how easily and widely a delusion may spread, I propose to narrate it now. Some considerable time ago I received a letter from Mrs. McV—, informing me that certain people and incidents in a particular novel of mine were known only to herself and to a nephew of hers who was thought to have handlesmed hers, who was thought to have been drowned at sea some years before; and that, as I must necessarily be that nephew, it was incum-bent on me to come forward and resume my own name and recognize my relatives, her-self first of all. I paid little heed; but as year after year went by, I found from the repeated letters she sent me—some of them quite plaintive in their appeals—that this was no temporary hallucination, but a veritable be-lief; and that the poor old lady was deeply distressed by my undutiful conduct. Then distressed by my undutiful conduct. Then I set to work to try to undeceive her. I pointed out that I should be glad to take the name of MeV—, if I had any right to it, seeing that that is a much more distinguished name than my own, which, in certain district in the South of Scotland and in the Western Highlands, is as common as Smith is in England. I asked her what motive I could have for concealing my identity—why I should refuse to recognize her as my aunt, if she were my aunt. I had meanwhile made sure that aunt. I had meanwhile made sure that there was no eleemosynary purpose in the old dame's piteous cry; on the contrary, she had promised that if I would only admit that I was Neil MacV——she would at once get for me some jewelry and other things left for me by my mother, who, it seems, was a native of Skye. Well, argument was of no avail. Then I sent friends to assure her no avail. Then I sent friends to assure her that she was mistaken; no use. I asked her to write to a U. P. minister who had known

me all my life (I thought she would have confidence in him, if in any-body short of an archangel), but

she darkly hinted that it was easy to get friends to connive when concealment was the object. So time passed; the reproachful remonstrances, the pious counsel, the hope that I would see the inhuman ingratitude of my ways ere it was too late for me to make atonement, were repeated in every let-ter; and I could not but admire the com-

IDENTIFIED IN SPITE OF HIMSELP. Then, as it chanced, I was in a small fishing town in the West Highlands; and word was brought methat Mrs. MacV—and a niece of hers had come from some considerable distance in the hope that I would go and see them. I went at once—for I thought this would prove decisive. I found at the postoffice, which was the place of render-vous, a most respectable-looking, serious, calm and courteous old Highland woman, along with a very pretty and smart looking young lady (for the moment I deeply regretted I was not Neil MacV—, there being certain small cousinly greetings that one might fairly and naturally have claimed under the circumstances), and I forthwith assumed that now, at least, they would see I was not the relative they had lost. But I was mistaken. The old lady asked me to show her the foreinger of my right hand. I did so.
"Ab," said she, "the mark is not there now; but marks like that often get worn

Then I turned to the pretty young lady—with confidence: I was sure she could not

share in this delusion.
"Why," I said, "if your cousin had not been drowned at sea—if he were alive—he would, according to your own story, be about eight and twenty years of age. Now don't you see that I am rather over eight and twenty? Don't you see that my hair is

turning gray?"
Her answer appalled me.
"Oh," said she, quite sharply, "that's nothing; I have known a young man of two and twenty whose hair was quite white."

After that, what was to be done? I began
to feel something of the convicted impostor;
I wondered whether I was not, after all, Neil MacV Here were two apparently

quite sane persons who plainly intimated to me that I was not myself; and what was my me that I was not myself; and what was my solitary consciousness against their combined evidence? I began to think I must have survived that shipwreck. Perhaps my mother was really a native of Skye, and had left her little belongings there, in the fond hope that some day I might turn up and claim them? When I left the Tarbert postoffice I went straight to Colin Hunter, and saked him what my name actually and constitutions. asked him what my name actually and cer-tainly was; but he was busy with his seapainting, and fiatly refused to go and have any argument with my forsaken aunt and

cousin.

That was not the end: for subsequently the whole clan Mac V—— appeared to have taken the matter up, and from time to time there came a letter filled with bitter reproaches, and also with dark threats of exposure. But that is not the tone in which exposure. But that is not the tone in which the old lady herself now writes, when she writes at all. She has grown resigned; apparently she has given up all hope that her ungrateful nephew will come to comfort her declining years. She is no longer indig-nant; she is wistful and pathetic. She hopes God will pardon my impenitent soul. And I hope so too. WILLIAM BLACK,

HE WAS ALWAYS COURTEOUS.

An Old Soldier Tells a New Story of President Lincoln. Detroit Sunday News. 1

A certain solder who bears the mark of a rebel bullet in his face is looking for a place in the postoffice under the new regime. He wants to be a stamp clerk. To-day a friend of his remarked: "You are not handsome

enough to be a stamp clerk. A nice little dude will probably get it."
"Well," replied the soldier, "Old Abe wasn't handsome, but he got there, just the same. And he was one of those chaps that could be courteous to high and low. Early in '61 I went over to the Capitol to see Representative Porter, who was trying to get a th letting old soldiers' letters of free in the mails. I wanted to get a package of envelopes franked. I ran against a man on the Capitol steps and asked him i he knew where Mr. Porter's office was, and he said he didn't, but thought he could hunt it out for me. He turned back and stuck his head into every door until we struck the right place, and he left, saying: Porter is in there. I saw him through the Four or five clerks rushed up and wanted to know what I wanted, and one of them said: 'Do you know who was with I answered that I didn't, and he 'Why, it was Mr. Lincoln, the Pres-

A DREAM OF FARO PLAYING.

The Sleeper Heard Numbers Called and Thought He Was in a Game.

Chicago Herald.1 "I had a very peculiar dream last night." said a gentleman to a friend whom he was chatting with at lunch last Saturday. "For a time," he said, "I could not explain it, but my wife helped me out this morning. When I arose she remarked that I had not slept well, and I told her I supposed it was because of a dream I had had during the night. I said that I had been in a keno game in my dream and couldn't imagine the cause of it because I had not played the fascinating game for years. 'Yes,' she said, 'I head you yell 'Keno!' as you rolled over, and you kept mumbling over numbers for

"I was surprised, but she told me why I had acted so strangely. There was a big wedding near us the night before, and along about midnight a man with a pair of brass lungs had gone out on the curbstone and began to call carriage numbers in a hourse voice. In a drowsy way I heard this calling and thought I was in a keno game. I re-member distinctly that I hauled in a pot with \$32 in it, but just as the man was pre-paring to pay me I awoke and lost it. I tell you, dreams are queer things."

It Has Always Been So.

Detroit Free Press. The Chinese have a tradition that over 12,000 years ago there was a law in that Emnire aimed at the fellow who wanted to borrow a 5 until Saturday, you know, but who never remembers when Saturday night came around. Under that law they lost their heads, but in these days no law can

Professional Ages.

First Critic-You are in error when you say Mme. Sylphide is 17 years old. The woman is 47, if she's a day! Second Critic —Haven't you found out yet that there are essional ages as well as stage names.

Clarence-I was never so insulted in me ife. That old pawty came along and hung his coat right on me nose. Wilber-Why don't you thrash him Clarence—Cawn't, dear boy; he's me tailor, and I have to let him do these little things if he don't dun me.—Judge. SCENES IN NEW

Clara Belle Describes Some Interesting Everyday Episodes.

Sedate Lovers Sparking in a Leafy Nook in the Park.

THE CRAZE FOR GREEN CANDY.

REVELING IN A PLETHORA OF TOWELS

ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.I NEW YORK, October 26. TUST together two persons by chance entered the portal of a very stylish restaurant establishment. One was a sessoned old club man, with the cap of

an amateur yachtsman on his head and a cigar in his mouth. He passed through the hallway into the barroom department. He went to get a lone, solitary drink, I supposed. The other was an exquisitely dressed young giri. She took the table across from me in the ladies' part of the premises and said a few words to the waiter, who went out and returned with a whisky cocktail. The girl tossed it off, laid down the money with 10 cents extra for the man, gathered up her tiny parcels and continued her walk up town. She did it all in a perfectly easy manner, and utterly in-different to my shocked look. Now, really,

why was it worse in the girl than in the man to drink whisky? It is very amusing to observe the people as they come in and try to get tables by the avenue windows. Of course, these are the leasantest seats, as one can enjoy watching the stylish men and women who go saunter-ing by, as well as be seen by them, which is a source of everlasting delight and gratification. Frequently when every table in the windows is occupied, and the middle ones are empty, a girl will call the head waiter and anxiously converse with him in an undertone. He glances around at the differ-ent places, finds out how nearly finished some of the eaters are and promises to re-serve the first vacant table. Leaving a generous see with him, she goes off contentedly, returning after awhile to the coveted table. It is surprising the number who do this thing. They willingly seat themselves in the hallway and patiently wait for an hour for a table where they may be seen by their passing friends.

FASHIONS IN CANDY. All society is clamoring for green bon-bons. For a time it was violets. Then came preserved rose leaves, crystallized cherries and bits of damsons in glace form. nerries and bits of damsons in glace form.

Now the selection is as green as a spring landscape, and the creams, glaces and fruit drops match the gloves of the serpentine girl that orders them. These green sweets are composed largely of California grapes and pistache creams. There are pistache balls, cubes and squares in which fruits, puts and marrous are smothered. nuts and marrons are smothered. There are the blocks of pink and white nuget riddled with pistache nuts, and the green grape like the charm of beauty is more

than half concealed, scarcely half revealed, by the muffling of spun sugar or whipped cream. Then there are lime drops and lime balls, creams and scrolls of English mint, and buried in sugar crystals and cream dates you can get a drop of maraschino that will make your womanly knees very yielding. Over the whole candied leaves of bitter sweet and lemon verbens are sprinkled, and with the gilded tongs comes a bill of \$1.50 for the very smallest box that ever measured 18 over that ever measured 18 over the superstant of \$1.50 for the very smallest box that ever measured 18 over the superstant supersta that ever measured 16 ounces. The sugar plums for the bonbonnieres of silver and ormolo are of the same exquisite shades.

Hundreds of women go to our most fashionable restaurant every week in the year for the sole privilege of prinking and pov dering preparatory to a cup of boullion and a subsequent call or matince. The toilet cabinet where the new rich and the rest of them meet is a small sumptuously furnished room with a couch of tufted velvet, a wall mirror that reaches from the floor to the eeiling, a long stationary table with a quartet of marble basins, and a French dressing table as

PERFECTLY EQUIPPED

as though it were a private affair. There are scent bottles, filled to the stopper with perfume; ivory bound brushes, combs and whisks; a cushion as big as a pillow filled with pins enough to skewer the bonnets of a national convention of women, fasten their bouquets and put in their mouths for all sorts of connections; manicure instruments and cosmetics; face powder for the blonde, bru-nette and middle type; almond meal and cold cream for chaps; rouge for the restoration of vanishing cheeks and lips; Egyptian black for strengthening brows and lashes and a perfect stock lashes and a perfect hairpins for blonde hair, hair, brown hair and copper-hued tresses. On the washstand the visitor is sure to find the most delicate soaps the market affords, glycerine for the hardy and benzoin for those who have a more sensitive skin. And the towels, saints of the laundry, what towels! Not five nor a dozen, but stacks along the baseboard as high as the mahogany wainscotting, and the use to which they are put by the butterflies of fashion would make a prim housekeeper gasp. One girl wipes her shoes with three, throwing them in a corner and helping herself to a fourth to dry her hands and a fifth to rub down her face. Another takes her hair down, pins one towel about her neck to protect her dress, and with another wipes away the dust from the roots. The next has mud on the bottom of her dress, and if it cannot be removed with three towels, then four, five or six linen napkins are levied upon. I have seen these damask towels used for powder rags, rouge brushes, manicure polishers, and soused with perfumery to rub out spots from the fronts of a I have seen them bunched, folded and pinned in dresses for a bustle, and time and again I have watched a negligent chaperone fill a towel with crushed ice and press it on the brow of the semi-insensible girl stretched at full length on the couch. Now and then it does happen that a heady wine will send a lady from the dining room, and the Argus-eved muster who attends to everything gets a restorative to the cabinet

as soon as the victim.

Aside from the dresses, flowers and mannerisms of the elegant women who rendez-yous at this cafe about midday, a looker on can always get a point or two for personal instruction. For instance you will rarely see a real swell put water on her face. The woman from out of town scrubs a gloss on her nose and cheeks, which she afterward smothers with pink or pearl powder, but the belle from up town, across town or the suburbs declares her cosmopolitanism at once by the careful, cautious way that she brushes the dust from her face, rubs it down with gentle, caressing touches of the towel, with gentle, caressing touches of the towel, and lastly lays on and works in the powder. When finished she is not only in better, prettier face than her country cousin, but cleaner. Then there is the girl who, instead of putting perfume on her handkerchief, rubs it in the palms of her hands and pours it over her coiffure; and still another belle who tips the scent bottle over her mouth and wets her lips with the sweet stuff.

PERFECTLY NATURAL. What queer things there are in life to be sure. If you keep a lookout for them I don't think you are apt to come across many —for the same reason that a watched pot never boils, perhaps—but, to employ that terse and paradoxical expression which Tacitus made popular, if you don't you do. I was out for a five-mile walk in the park the other day—not one day in the series which went to make up the recent Indian anummer did I miss that exhilerating and fascinating observance—when I saw something that seemed to me very queer. Perhaps it was not in the least queer in reality. Indeed, now that I come to analyze it, I cannot but admit that it was in truth quite

in the natural and expected order of things throughout; and yet it astonished me, and anyway it was absorbingly interesting, because it was concerned with kissing, and the kissing was done surreptitiously in a leafy nook in a public pleasure ground. The principals were a young minister and a pertectly well-poised young woman with the stamp of Smith College upon her, and with spectacles.

stamp of Smith College upon her, and with spectacles.

Now, as I say, I don't know that there was anything in the least surprising about it, and yet it did surprise me. I had been walking up the east side, keeping to the small paths and watching the squirrels and the robins, and my blood was stirring and my heart blythe. I thought that when I got to the restaurant of Mt, St. Vincent I would have some breakfast, for I always take the air before I eat, and it was only 11 o'clock in the morning. I had got up beyond the upper reservoir—the one which is distinguished by having water in it—and beyond the lovely meadows where the gorgeous lawn tennis players straddle about so divinely, and where they want to put up some exposition buildings for a world's show of 1892, I believe. I was on my way up a gentle slope at the beginning of the up a gentle slope at the beginning of the wooded tangle which overruns the northwest area, when I came upon the pair. They were sitting on a beach together, looking vacantly down the path at me, attitude, expression and all suggesting nothing in the world but a grave, decorous, restful enjoyment of external nature, a mild, placid, holy thankfulness for the balmy air, the sunshine, the lenfy rustle and the singing of the birds.

LOVE IN THE PARK.

She was a stout young woman, 30 I should think, smooth and fair. Her spectacles were gold-bowed, and the leases shone with the polish insisted upon by women who really care for their spectacles. He was about her age, brown bearded, demure, with about her age, brown bearded, demure, with a straight waistooat, a choker and respectable eyeglasses. I thought vaguely that they were brother and sister, or a married pair of seven years' standing. That was all, as long as they had me in sight. But just beyond them the path made a sudden turn and ascended sharply. It took my breath somewhat to mount the little activity, and when I got to the top I stopped a moment for a fresh supply. I was on the summit of a bluff, around which the path had wound. It was a place of advantageous view and I It was a place of advantageous view, and I stood for some little time taking it in. The couple I had passed had gone completely out of my mind. I am sure that I should out of my mind. I am sure that I should never have thought of them again but for one of those curious little coincidences of which the world is full. As I stood looking and filfing my lungs a pretty red oak leaf went dancing across the path under the gentle urgency of the wind. My eyes followed it idly as it traveled until it stopped at the base of a snowball bush just at the edge of the bluff. It occurred to me that it was worth preserving, and I left the path and went over and bicked it up. As I did so I became conscious again of the clergyman and his spectacled companion. They were still sitting on the beach, which was backed up against the base of the bluff just below me, and in my full, unhindered view. And to my surprise—so much to my surprise that the red oak leaf escaped from my fingers and fluttered off and down apon the woman's plain brown straw bonnet they were hugging and kissing with as much zest and animation as you might look for in a godless young couple from the

THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE. Natural-quite natural, of course; and yet I am somehow stirred and interested whenever I think of it. Her hair lay so smooth over a forehead which was so an -I know she is a proficient in Greek and mathematics; and he may be a delegate to the Episcopal synod, or convention, or what-ever they call it, which is now in session in

the annex of St. George's Church.

The members of the Episcopal convention, by the way, are not in the least anchoritish in a number of their ways. I was in a Third avenue oyster house at lunch time, and a dozen or more of the ministers were in there engaged on the same errand of the stomach that I was engaged on. But my repast was a meager thing indeed compared with many of theirs. Two fine old gentlemen who sat next to me ate fried scollops and fried oysters and deep-dish eastside pie, and topped it off with three cups of coffee each, and cigars. Superb digestions! It made me at once envious and amiable to observe them. I am bound to say that not one who lunched there drank wine or ale, but most of them smoked great black, fat, powerful looking cigars. I see them constantly smoking in the streets, even when they are walking with their wives and daughters. It seems an amiskle technique daughters. It seems an amiable fashion, and perhaps an unobjectionable one, if their nerves can stand it, and the nerves of the ministers are apparently very good.

MAKING A BOOK IN JAPAN.

The Author Paints Instead of Writing, Using Brush and Ink.

American Bookmaker. Having resolved to "paint" a book, for, as all the world knows, the Japanese use a brush and not a pen, the author betakes him to his workroom. It is a little room, a very little room. "Six mats" is its Japanese measurement, and a mat is about 6 feet by 4. It is full of the soft, dull light which pulses from a square white paper lantern; the low, bright wooden ceiling gives back a pale brown gleam here and there. There is a silvery glint in the frail paneled walls, and in a warm gray shadowed recess a gold Buddha crosses his feet and stretches forth his palms, smiling gently upon the lotus which he holds. In another recess stand the curious vessels of iron and clay and

bamboo for the tea ceremony.

The author sits on the floor in a flowing garment of brown silk lined with blue, his legs disposed comfortably under him. In front of him stands a lacquered table, about a foot, and upon it his writing materials, which are as idyllic as his surroundings his paper is delicately tinted yellow, with blue lines running up and down. His inkstand is a carved ebony slab, with one end hol-lowed out for water to rub his cube of india ink in, and holds the four or five daintily decorated bamboo brushes which are his pens. Naturally he does not write his novel, he paints it. Beginning at the end of the whole, at the left of every page and at the top of every line, straight down between the two blue parallels his small brown hand goes, with quick, delicate, dark touches.

Although this novelist's "copy" might seem to a stranger to be daintiness itself,

yet he always has it duplicated "by an artist" before sending it to the publishers, the success of the book depending so largely upon its artistic forthbringing. The "artist" to whom the "copy" is now intrusted proceeds to repaint the long series of word nickness with a professional series of word pictures with a professional dexterity which is something astonishing. An Underground Mystery,



Uncle Si Low (watching piledrivers at rork on a West street foundation)-Wasl, I swow! I've heard about your buryin' the

Wires, but this do beat all.

Idler—What's this got to do with it?

Uncle Si—Why, when you git them telegraph poles druv into the ground, how do

WOODCHUCK HUNT.

Driving Through the Beautiful Scenery of Washington County to

THE HAUNTS OF THE WILY RODENT

Sad Pate of the Contemplative Observer of Nature.

A ROYAL PEAST, FIT FOR THE GODS.

book. I have traveled through their towns, IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR . hundreds of miles from the railroad. I have "Mark," said Bailey carelessly, "do you lain down in their houses with thousands of want to take a drive?" Mark did. I have never been molested and have re-

"Then put the little rifle together. The cart will be here in a minute." Mark audibly wondered what the dickens a rifle had to do with an afternoon drive, but as the other was just then waging losing battle with a very bad pipe, he declined an explanation as trivial, and Mark, accepting the silence as an indication that on this occasion it had something to do with it, carefully put lock and stock and barrel together and accompanied the pretty silver-mounted affair to the dog cart.

This afternoon it certainly was a dog cart in every sense, for Shot, calm in his invariable position as the oldest dog in the pack, had settled his haunches on the driver's seat, while Shell and Wad swirled

driver's seat, while Shell and Wad swirled gracefully around the pretty turnout, and Toots, the water spaniel, barked frantically as he hustled his fat little legs to keep up with the graceful pair, though they landed him a very bad third, indeed.

The silence of some friends is golden as compared to the vapid utterances of those whose mistaken idea of entertainment consists in making noises with their mouths, so probably the first half hour of that lovely drive was made in absolute stillness, broken only by the steady pounding of Billy's hoofs. drive was made in absolute stillness, broken only by the steady pounding of Billy's hoofs, of the plaintive wail Toots set up now and then when the other dogs left him too far behind. Mark asked no explanation of the rifle snugly lying between his knees, as experience had taught him such a drive would be well worth taking, while Bailey offered none as he knew the other was content. Arrived at the top of the high hill just outside of town, Billy was given a breath-ing spell, while the two friends looked about them at a scene Washington county

about them at a scene Washington county offers but once a year.

The afternoon sun was settling just low enough in the West that its rays were tempered into golden beams that touched with cunning hand the glorious fall dress of maple, hickory and chestnut, then showered its yellow upon fields and fields of corn and grain, and then finally laid bare the road greeping in and out like a large golden server. creeping in and out like a huge golden ser-pent that buried its fangs in a cushion of purple haze and blue sky ten miles to the south of this garden of Eden.

NICOTINE VS. NATURE.

"Smoke? queried Charley, and the spell was broken; sweet nature was forgotten, and Mark would be darned if he'd smoke a pipe Mark would be darned if he'd smoke a pipe that fairly outraged the atmosphere as Bailey's did. He was pacified, however, with a cigar, and the two triends again sunk into silence, and Billy started down the long hill at a pace that forced the two pointers to lengthen their graceful bounds while poor broken-hearted Toots was left away behind, overcome by such a cloud of dust and mortification that he couldn't even howl.

pointers to lengthen their graceful bounds wille poor broken-hearted Toots was left away behind, overcome by such a cloud of dust and mortification that he couldn't even howl.

And so the drive went on all that afternoon, Bailey handling the horse in a sort of aimless way, down this road and up that, and on two occasions actually traversing the same route. The sun had touched the horizon at last, and beamed a mellow good night from its kindly face, then sank, and a faint idea of the significance of that rifle began to dawn upon Mark as a gray twilight settled over the seens.

The woodchuck is a rodent, and probably as cunning as any animal living; as

as cunning as any animal living; as of the tenacious of life as a mule, and as ugly a part. fighter as a bull dog. Charley Bailey was out after a woodchuck, and had been driving with the certainty of death that landed him at an objective point at ten minutes after the sun had set, when he knew that oute animal would be before the door of his domicile taking a survey of the world before starting on a foraging expedition that would last until daylight. The tired dogs were called in, and trotted contentedly behind the cart, while the rifle was unstrapped and a long 22 inserted in the well-oiled breech.

breech.
"Don't stop," said Charley, "until you get behind that bunch of trees. Take the dogs with you," and he quietly slid over the back of the cart to the consternation of Toots, who was trotting along with his eyes shut and his mouth open. A low command to the dogs sent them disgustedly after Mark and the cart that rattled gaily on, mark and the cart that rattled gally on, conveying to the alert sense of any wood-chuck in hearing the idea that it still contained two. Arrived at the point designated, a quarter of a mile away, the cart was stopped, Mark stood up in order to get a better view of the scene, while the well-trained dogs looked longingly back, but knew better than to take a step in that diknew better than to take a step in that di-

In some way Charley had got through the fence, instead of climbing it, and he was now circling down toward the creek in order that a little knoll might come between him and a stump and a bunch of reddish brown, Papa Chuck, sitting bolt upright before his

THE DEATH SHOT.

The circuit was made and the hunter iurned to advance rapidly over the velvet, grassy cushion toward the wary game. Still behind the knoll he moves slower now, and now doubles up like a jack-knife as he caunow doubles up like a jack-knife as he cautiously crawls to the very edge and ean go no farther unless in plain sight of the chuck sitting there, but fully 100 yards away. To go farther was impossible, as the alighest sound or sight would have sent the willest animal in the world deep into his hole. To shoot from there would be ridiculous, as the light was uncertain, and besides, the animal must be hit in the head, as they will drag a body sctually torn to pieces into the ground, to die perhaps the very moment. Still Bailey was evidently going to try a shot.

to pieces into the ground, to die pernaps the very moment. Still Bailey was evidently going to try a shot.

Actually rolled up like a piece of parchment, he stood there so long Mark's strained eyes sought the horse's ears for rest. When he looked again Bailey's form seemed to have grown taller, but a second glance showed no motion. Mark looked down, and looked again, and this time there was no mistake; Bailey was unwinding himself, and by degrees so imperceptible Mark's back fairly sched with sympathy. It must have taken fully ten minutas before the hunter stood bolt upright, a motionless stump in the gathering shadows, and Mark's wonder as to how the man was going to get the rifle to his shoulder without perceptible motion was answered by a gleam of steely blue pointing from his shoulder and eye straight at unsuspicious chuck, still engaged in philosophic contemplation of a world soon done with him. Bailey had the gun to his shoulder all the while, and the strain must have been terrible.

A whip-like crack relieved all hands, and the days of chuck's usefulness as weather prophet were over—shot plumb through the right ear, and down and out the left shoulder. He doesn't know to this day what hands, and the taken and the days of chuck's usefulness as weather prophet were over—shot plumb through the right ear, and down and out the left shoulder.

right ear, and down and out the left shoulder. He doesn't know to this day what happened that lovely October evening. The dogs could be restrained no longer, and all flew over the fence with the exception of Toots, who like the clown in a circus, ignominiously crawled through the rails, and scampered toward his master, away behind as usual.

Probably no chef in the world would undertake to prepare the despised woodchuck for the table, slighted as he is by the game laws and ignored by the hunter. Another surprise was afforded Mark that night, however, when he with a couple of friends, was invited to attend a feast of roasted woodchuck, Saratoga chips and a dozen bottles of Burton's best. Wiggins had been steamed for three hours, then stuffed with herb dressing, and roasted for four hours, then placed in the center of the table, the

richest and best flavored meat ever eaten by a party of hunters, who relished nothing better than to hear again, the story of his untimely end.

GAITHES.

ONE WIFE QUITE ENOUGH.

goods house opened fire on the Mormon ques-

dollars about me and felt perfectly secure.

ceived only the most courteous trestment.

But I tell you polygamy is a curse. Better people than the Mormons I don't want to

deal with. When I came among them I

could hardly sell them a bill of goods. Now

there will be unhappiness in the family. That is what I have learned."

An old gray-baired man leaned forward

and began to argue.
"My triend," asked the drummer, "how

The train stopped and the old man got out. A smooth cheeked boy had been leaning forward and listening intently to the drummer's discourse. He was perhaps 20

asked. "Are most of the young Mormon men and women looking forward to polyg-

amy?"
His reply came hesitatingly and seri-

ously. "Those who have fathers and mother think yer

HIS TRUNK WENT ASTRAY.

Why Representative Parsons Had to Bor-

row the Clerk's Night-Shirt.

The dictionary never gives entirely satis-

factory and complete definitions. Now as to

tans, if a man should come into a hotel, or

what passes for a hotel in the sage brush

country, and say that he had lost his trunk

and would ask the landlord to loan him a

ngton Post.1

'What do you think about it?" he was

years old.

Optalon of a Young Mormon on the Subject of Polygamy.

A BOOM IN THE BUILDING TRADE, Correspondence of Globe-Democrat.] On a train between Ogden and Salt Lake City the other night, during conference Plan of an Economical and Attractive week, a drummer for a San Francisco dry-

"I have been among those people 14 SOME OF THE SPECIAL FRATURES years," said he, "and I know them like a

Another Era of Great Prosperity

Striking the Country.

Residence.

The signs of the times up questionably in-dicate that the fortunate people of this country are about to enjoy another era of great prosperity. Bounteous crops (never so bounteous as those of this year) and an unlimited demand for them at good prices, by reason of partial failure of grops ab form a combination of circumstances that never fails to elevate the horn of plenty.

The last era of good times (1879-80) was inaugurated by the same causes, aided by the resumption of specie payment which as-sured solid values for everything. The sured solid values for everything. The same conditions prevail to-day.



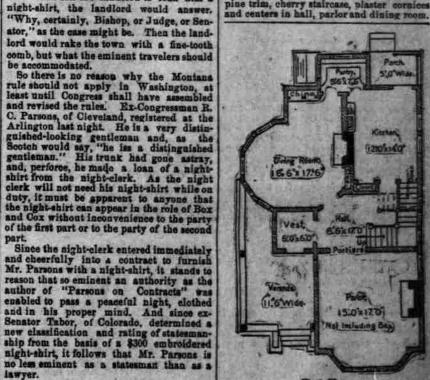
During prosperous times, and espect the commencement of prosperous During prosperous times, and especially at the commencement of prosperous times before the prices for materials and labor become inflated, the building of houses of moderate cost will certainly prove to be profitable ventures. When an American makes money he is pretty sure to provide an attractive and comfortable home for his family. The design illustrating this article is submitted for his consideration.

BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE DESIGN. Size of structure: Front, including ver-anda, 30 feet; depth, 48 feet 6 inches. Height of stories: Cellar, 7 feet; first story, 9 feet 6 inches; second story, 9 feet; attic what constitutes a statesman, for instance; it is entirely inadequate, and dismisses the subject in a half dozen lines. Out in Mon-

story, 8 feet.

Materials for exterior walls: Foundations, stone or brick; first story, clapboards; second story, shingles; gables, dormers and roof, shingles.

Interior finish: Hard white plaster, white pine trim, cherry staircase, plaster corn and centers in hall, parlor and dining ro



Exterior colors: Body of first sto

lattice, light green; es, dark red; doors, r d, with hard oil fini ; verands floor and ce

nd their sizes, clo

SUCCESS IN LITERATURS.

of the first part or to the party of the se

Since the night-clerk entered immedial and cheerfully into a contract to furn Mr. Parsons with a night-shirt, it stand

Being Almost by Chance. There have been cases in which literar renown has been won unawares. In affirming this, such instances as those of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mr. Black's "Daughter of Heth," and Mr. Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's

cabin," Mr. Black's "Daughter of Heth," and Mr. Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines," examples of astonishing success achieved at a stroke, are not in mind, says the Quiver, but Sir Walter Scott kept "Waverley" by him in manuscript for nine years, fearing that by its publication it might put in peril the reputation which was already his in virtue of his poems.

It is most unlikely that Master Samuel Pepys dreamed the immortality his "Diary" was to give him. Miss Ferrier, the writer of the striking stories, "The Inheritance and "Destiny," has herself stated that her first work was "begun at the urgent desire of a friend, and with a promise of assistance, which, however, failed long before the end of the first volume. The work was thrown aside, and resumed some years after. It afforded occupation and amusement for idle and solitary hours, and was published in the belief that the author's name would never be gnessed at, or the work heard of beyond a very limited sphere." As a final and recent instance, Prof. Henry Drummond and his widely circulated "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" may be quoted. The professor has told his readers "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" may be quoted. The professor has told his readers that that fascinating book "was never for-mally written. It came into being almost by chance."

No Danger for Overcrowding.

afraid that this country will be overcrowded through the rush of immigration. He says that "the area of arable acres in the United States is 20 per cent larger than that of China, which supports a population of nearly 400,000,000.



Cashiar-You'll have to be identified. -I my you will have to be